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THE FUTURE RULERS

OF

AMERICA.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVENTURE.

Arranged by W. P. PHELON, M.D.

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A PHYSICIAN'S ADVENTURE.



I AM a physician. Having been in practice many years, and seen suffering in nearly all its varied forms, it would naturally happen that strange scenes, of both joy and sorrow, have often occurred to me. The most startling of them all, however, and the most lasting in its effect on myself, commenced almost forty years ago. That was before the Civil War, and very soon after being endowed with the metaphysical properties of my sheepskin. I have never outgrown the influence of that period. It has swayed all my subsequent career, and will, without question, control the future lives, be they many or few.

Civil war was not then thought of as a probable thing, although, perhaps, deemed possible, by the zealots and fire-eaters of both parties. Ominous

mutterings in the political atmosphere told plainly of trouble ahead, to any who could read the signs of the times. Alas! for the thousands of the blue and the gray, lying side by side, on a hundred battle-fields, no one read nor believed the writing on the scroll of the Future.

Going, at once, from my *Alma Mater*, to a thriving town of the Southwest, I commenced practice, and was from the first successful beyond my most sanguine hopes.

Three years after my location here, on New Year's Eve, a violent ringing of the night-bell brought me to my feet, in my bachelor quarters adjoining the office. Looking out of the open window, a darkey *silhouette* against the bright moonlight informed me—

“Massa Doctor, ole marse done sen’ fer yer to cum right quick. ’Deed, but he’s powerful sick.”

I was young and vigorous then, and rather enjoyed the excitement of night work. Kicking myself into my clothes, and seizing my medicine case,

the waiting darkey, who had little to say, except, "Marse powerful sick," led the way, from the fashionable portion of the town, toward the border line between the white and colored quarters. It was a section to which my calls had been few, and was unfamiliar.

At the abrupt ending of one of the fashionable avenues, the other end of which would be ashamed to confess its venture into such disreputable company, the darkey stopped before a gateway in a high, brick wall. This wall, evidently built to exclude the gaze of the curious, inclosed a whole block. My sable attendant took a key from his pocket, unlocked the wicket, and stepping inside, allowed me to precede him.

As the wicket-spring fastened itself shut, my guide rejoined me, and together we walked up the broad carriage drive, towards the piazza of a large, rambling, stone house. Its builders belonged to the "French Period" of the country. The shambling negro mounted the few wide stone steps leading to

the piazza, letting us in by a side door, instead of the main entrance.

As the door closed behind us, a bright light flashed out from a torch in the fist of a bronze figure, niched into the turn of the stairway, leading to the rooms above, from the farther end of the hall.

The servant motioned me to go up. Doing as directed, in front of the top of the stairs, heavy tapestry curtains over a massive door confronted me. An instant's hesitancy on my part, and the curtains, parted by invisible hands, revealed the door swinging noiselessly back. The invitation to enter was unmistakable. But a wave of something, bordering on the "uncanny," swept down from head to foot as I stepped forward. I was not afraid, but—

A strangely soft, clear light filled the whole room. It seemed to emanate from nowhere in particular. Everything was as distinctly visible, as if exposed to the broadest daylight. Once more, that little shudder of protest against viewless power passed over me, emphasizing the consciousness of mystery realized.

The room was large and square. In one corner, on a low couch spread with rugs from oriental looms, each representing a small fortune, lay an old man, from whom life seemed fast ebbing. The unusual beauty of his youth and manhood could not be concealed by the whiteness of his long hair and beard. Even now, it was not marred in a single line, but ripened into a wonderful perfection. His eyes burned with a brilliancy unbearable to the soul it pierced, in its resistless intensity. The set gravity of features, whose complexion was still fairer and clearer than of many a young man in his teens, forbade all undue familiarity.

"Doctor," he at once began, "I have sent for you to do what might have been done by myself. But your services will be needed by me in the near future. It is desirable our acquaintance should be mutual. I have long known you, and now seek simply that you may know me."

His manner while speaking was charming beyond description. There seemed to be a breaking down

of all barriers between our souls, a "knitting together as one." The fascination was not unpleasant, but the invisible Ego within me recoiled uneasily at the invincibility of its power. I could make no answer, and simply bowed affirmatively.

"Instead of asking a prescription from you, please do a little compounding for me. Here," taking a fine gold chain from his neck, to which was attached a silver key. "If you will open that casket, I will tell you what to do next."

His words were strange, both in their manner, and in a peculiar undercurrent flowing out of them on the clear, mellow tones of his voice. This was always pitched in that far-reaching key—not high, but penetrating—always assumed by the soul when partially cleaved from the cumbering body. In ordinary life, mankind always recognizes this as an evidence of a cultured soul, and they are not mistaken.

Making no delay to question, I turned at once to the casket. This rested on the heads of three golden serpents; as to their bodies, intertwined into a tripod,

supported on the curved ends of their tails. The casket itself, of some dark wood, blackened by its great age, looked like polished ebony. A single silver circle marked the keyhole.

The key in my hand was fashioned in the form of a human forearm, and a left hand with the index finger outstretched. Mechanically, I raised it to the keyhole. Did my strained nerves deceive me, or did the key move by a sort of pulsation? As soft iron answers the attraction of the magnet, so this piece of silver seemed to leap forward of its own volition. Startled, the same awesome shudder I have twice mentioned crept over me. Exactly how I knew not, but instead of the lid raising as is usual, the whole outside covering fell noiselessly away, disclosing a little chest of drawers, curiously and elaborately carved.

“Doctor,” came to my ear as to one dreaming, in those musical accents, “open the upper, left-hand drawer, and take out the little drinking glass and flask you will find there.”

Without desire to speak, much less to question, I obeyed. The flask was about two-thirds full of what seemed to be water.

“Fill the glass half-full, and on no account remove the hand that holds the glass from contact with it.” Removing the stopper from the flask, I did as directed.

“Open the right-hand lower drawer, and take out the morocco case lying in the left corner. The vials within are numbered one and two. Put a single drop from each, in the order of their numbering, into the flask.” As I implicitly followed his directions, I seemed to receive on my left arm, which held the glass, two distinct electric shocks. Glancing up, I saw the strange light hitherto in the room had visibly waned.

Having finished the work and returned the vials carefully to their places, his next direction to me was: “Give me my potion, Doctor.”

I started towards the couch. An exquisite aroma, subtle, pleasant, and penetrating, seemed to emanate

from the liquid, and was wafted back to my nostrils. I handed him the glass. For one of those seconds rare to mortal-born—seconds that seem ages, so condensed are the sensations—all material things faded away. Even the boundaries of space vanished. There came to my soul a single flitting glimpse of the vastness of space. Upon me, awestruck, was indelibly impressed the Infinity of the Real. All this, happening while he took the glass from my hand and drained it to the bottom, was the effect upon my physical senses of this Divine fragrance.

“I shall sleep now, the sleep of Sialam. It will take two days to cross the bridge that connects the Eternal Past with the Eternal Future. Come to me, Doctor, day after to-morrow morning. You will find me much more companionable then.” His hand moved to a steel call-bell at the side of his couch. The sound emitted filled the whole room with a plaintive wail, in a minor key. Composing himself in a relaxed attitude, he was ready for the sleep even now stealing over him.

The servant answered the summons of the bell. Waiting at the door, he respectfully raised the tapestry as I took my departure.

"Marse allers hab sich spells New Year's Eve. Neber knew it to fail, dese twenty years, sence I lib wid him," he said, just above his breath, as he piloted me to the street.

"How long have you known him?"

"He bought me from a trader going to the sugar swamps jest twenty years ago las' Chris'mas. I was raised in ole Kaintuck."

Returning to my lodgings, my meditations on the curious actions and surroundings of my patient kept me awake until the dawn of the New Year.

Right here, I must confess to a strong partiality for the hidden side of nature. I knew something of occult law, and had taken several steps in an ancient fraternity whose existence is little dreamed of by the great majority of mankind. It seemed to me that some of the "missing links" in the wisdom of the ages I had so eagerly sought, might come to me

from this man who, having so little need of my help, appeared to be, for some purpose of his own, seeking to bind me to himself. There was no fear of him entering into my speculations upon the motive inducing him to seek my presence.

On the morning of January 2d. having finished my round of professional visits, I found myself at the house, whose previous weird appearance was changed by the sunlight into a most charming abode, cut off from neighborly intrusion by the high brick walls and imperious gates.

The wicket opened readily at the ringing of the bell. Passing on up to the main entrance, the heavy mahogany doors stood wide open, disclosing the great hall, with its perfectly polished floor. The furnishing was scanty, but all in the most exquisite taste and elegant workmanship.

The servitor appeared on the stairs as I crossed the threshold.

“Marse done ben ‘spectin’ yer.” He led me once more into the presence of my illustrious patient. He

was seated in a low easy chair, smoking an oriental chibouk. He acknowledged my presence by a nod. All trace of weariness or distress had left him: he had evidently taken a new lease of life on much more favorable terms.

“ You see, I am better, Doctor. You are in good time. Have but just finished my bath and breakfast. Be seated.” He indicated a chair at his right hand. I sat and chatted a few moments. This was the beginning of an acquaintance, to me, of sincere pleasure, bringing, as it did, a priceless acquisition of arcane wisdom.

Our acquaintance lasted a year. All my leisure hours were spent in his company. Our range of discussion embraced the most abstruse subjects, on all of which he had knowledge and well-defined ideas, speaking as “ one having authority and not as the scribes.”

On one of the late fall days, as we sat on the broad piazza, he read to me, as from an invisible book, the terrible events of the coming, now past,

years; of rivers of blood, and of the advent of peace; then of still more fearful disaster to our common country, which is yet to come; finally, of a small but chastened remnant, who would see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and be healed of all infirmities of body and mind, a fit seed for a new and mighty nation. It is coming, nearer, nearer! God help us all!

During all this time he had revealed to me but little of his personality. While I knew of him, I did not know him any more than many who were strangers to me. Aside from his charming eloquence and incomparable wisdom, he was an unsolved equation. However, the sad occasion, when I should know more of him, was all too rapidly approaching.

It was a year to a day from that memorable night when I first saw him, that the darkey summoned me at early evening, saying as soon as he saw me—

“Marse got ’nudder spell. Cum right quick. Nebber see him so strange.”

As on the former occasion, so now, I found him reclining on his couch, waiting my coming.

"Doctor," he began, his melodious voice thrilling me with an affectionate cadence he had never before so openly displayed. "The hour is coming when choice will be given me to lay aside the habiliments of earthly existence, or to endure the monotonies of another cycle. I choose now to lay away this mortal in which I have so long lingered, seizing once more upon untrammelled immortality, the birthright of all men. To you, Doctor, I am about to commit the knowledge of my personality in the past, hitherto known only to myself. On the desk you will find necessary materials. Your ability as a stenographer will compass the rest."

Overborne by the weight of approaching calamity, I obeyed implicitly his directions. That which follows is a verbatim report of the disclosure, taken down as it fell from the lips of this wonderful man. It has been long kept sacredly, but the time is now ripe, and it is made public for the first time:

“Of Phœnician birth, I was an old man, as mortals reckon, when Hiram, King of Tyre, held the throne of that proud nation. My education in the temple had made me a member of the priesthood. Periodical allotment finally sent me to a colony, originally planted on the Pacific coast of Central America.

“For many years, we prospered as a trading colony. As a part of the national priesthood, we had advisory charge of all matters of interest to our people. My desire to perceive the Truth had been rewarded, and I was respected for my learning, as well as for the position that was mine in the Temple.

“After the conquest of Tyre by Alexander, and the loss of prestige thereby, the home government left the colonies to shift for themselves. We were much troubled by the continued invasions of the warlike tribes from the North. Our city was so situated that impregnable defense was impossible. Finally, directed by ‘Those Who Know,’ we emigrated Eastward in a body, into the mountain belt,

where we were assured of protection and rest. Scouts were sent out, who brought back news of a delightful country, whose entrance could easily be defended against our outside foes.

“The way was long, and under the most favorable conditions exceedingly difficult for the tender feet of our women and children. Many of the weaker members of our community perished on this journey.

We were led directly up to apparently impassable snow-crowned peaks. At the last moment, when we had even begun to doubt the fealty of our guides, we perceived a narrow canon, the cleft resembling, in the distance, a hair on the snowy surface. Growing as we approached it, we found it ample for both ourselves and the accompanying train. A few miles of sheltered travel brought us to a scene never surpassed upon this planet.

“If the Aiden-land of our traditions had been securely kept for us, it could not have been more beautiful than the hidden plateau now unrolled be-

fore our snow-dazzled eyes and weary feet. A vast plain stretched away hundreds of square miles, all covered with a semi-tropical vegetation. In the center, a lake of unfailing supply, whose fathomless depths yielded no secret to the curious eye, suggested the inland sea that probably preceded it. From this, on every side, rolling plains spread as far as the eye could reach, to the base of the inclosing mountains. Here abrupt precipices arose perpendicularly into mid air. A plummet dropped at the apex would swing clear at the base. It appeared as if, by some mighty volcanic wrench or subsidence, the whole plateau had been smoothly split from its attachments, sunk, and then been raised until the waters drained off through the central lake.

“Beside the clear waters our tired people slept. In the morning, a single earthquake shock awakened us. This must have been the last of a series. Nothing of the kind has since disturbed us during the following centuries. It might have been the controlling direction of a powerful human will. I can-

not explain. Nothing special was thought of it until an attempt was made to reach the outer world. We then found that the canon through which we had entered had ceased to exist. We were hopelessly prisoners, for no means within our reach, if we desired it, could give us, without long years of arduous training, exit over or through those mighty walls of rock, ever sentineled by the snow-helmeted crags of ice.

“At least, we were secure from our foes; naught but winged creatures could come to us, or go hence, by ordinary means.

“Resigning ourselves to our fate, we set to work at once to utilize all our resources and whatever our new country contained. To this end, we brought to bear the light of all the wisdom already acquired, and sought incessantly to draw from the great source of all knowledge, new supplies.

“Under laws devised to meet the conditions of this new world, of which we were sole occupants, we built a city and a temple. The temple was hewed

directly into the face of the mightiest cliff. The facade and carvings of the entrance were equaled only by those of the great Temple of Luxor, of which, you must understand, our priesthood was a direct branch.

“Every year has added to the excavations made in the heart of the mountain, and the metallic treasures yielded up have supplied abundantly our necessities. Inch by inch we have been nearing the outer air. When that is reached the jubilee will be proclaimed.

“The nation has constantly aimed to perfect its solidarity. All its arts and sciences are peace-compelling. The population has increased in numbers, but not so rapidly as it would have done on a lower physical plane.

“The priests, of whom many came in through the mountain cleft, have neither forgotten nor lost sight of the tumultuous world outside. Their communication with it is perfect. They can see, however, no benefit that could accrue to their people

from the unrestful selfishness with which you are so familiar.

“The people have forgotten their ingress, save as a faint tradition. Coming events inspire them, and they are looking forward to the day of their enlargement. While patiently waiting, they are constantly growing into that wisdom which makes the spirit dominant over all things, created and uncreated.

“Horses came in with the original caravan, but no other animal. The people eat no flesh, sustaining life upon sun-cooked food, fruits and grains. Seeds of various plants, both textile and eatable, were brought in by us, and the best and most delicious fruits were already growing in our Garden of Eden when we took possession.

“The temperature varies but little during the solar cycle. The absence of gross stimulation to the nerve tension induced by meat eating, and the evenness of the temperature, prevent the fret and worry so wasteful of the energies of your people.

“Could any people be developed under more

favorable circumstances for the handling of unseen powers and forces, of which mankind at large neither dreams nor cares. It is the true perception of the Infinite guided by Wisdom and inspired by Goodness. They think and move as one, in alignment with Creative Energy, and can prevail against all the nations of the earth. As it was written in the elder day : ' five can chase a hundred, and a hundred shall put ten thousand to flight, and their enemies shall fall before them by the sword.'

" It will not be possible for any nation, no matter how skilled in the arts and weapons of physical destruction, to stand before them. All must yield or be destroyed. Thus far these powers have been used simply to make beautiful and habitable their City of Promise.

" There is a prophecy in the astral currents, declaring : Within a hundred years, this marvelous people, so quietly waiting the hour of their freedom, unaffected by the mischievous follies and vicious beliefs of men, will be set free from their proba-

tionary prison, and come forth to rule the earth. It will be the second coming of the Truth."

Here my patient paused for breath. His feelings, ordinarily self-controlled, had risen to ecstasy, as his prophetic vision saw the coming triumph of his people. It would be a full realization to them, of faithful trust in the possibilities of a far off future.

He lay a few moments quietly, then rousing himself, resumed:

"I have hoped to welcome them here, for I am forbidden by mine oath to bring back to them this load of clay. It matters nothing, however, for once free of the mortal, I can again mingle with them, even more freely than ever before.

"You wonder how and why I am here, and they there. It is the old story. Simply because curiosity and desire for experience led me to request leave of my superior, the high-priest, to banish myself from their company, so long as I cared to wear the 'coats of skin.'

"Assisted by my comrades in the exercise of

powers known to me, I transferred myself bodily beyond the mountains. It was a sad parting, as I bound myself by oath never to return until I had given the dust to the dust from which it came.

"I have fully measured the littleness of the knowledge of those who claim to be the wisest of men. I know how strangely your scientists are deceived in their study for the Real. I can see how phantom-like are all their gleanings, for they see only the shadow and not the substance. There is nothing in the whole wide world for whose attainment I would linger one single instant. I long for my spirit's freedom, which shall bring me to my friends once more. They have been able in all these years to come to me. I know from them all that has taken place there. In fifteen minutes my centuries' long earth-life will end, and I shall be **FREE.**"

I followed his eye to the clock, an antique. The dial formed the circle above the cross, inclosed within

the interlacing triangles of the Rosecrucian symbol. It was one-quarter of twelve.

“To you, my dear Doctor, in whom is the pure gold of the alchemist, legal transference from me, will give possession of all that now surrounds you. I give you this key,” handing me the little silver key which had not been seen by me since last New Year’s Eve, “I need not say, put the contents of the casket to a good use, for I know you will. There are men living who would give untold millions to know even one of its many secrets.”

He then took from his neck a flexible band of steel. Upon this swung a small, flat, metallic case. Putting it into my hands, he said: “A year from tonight, in some place alone, where your quiet and privacy will not be disturbed, look upon this mirror, and you shall have news from me and mine that may do you good.

“But my friends are coming to accompany me to the Beautiful City of Peace.”

A chill, as of a gust from a suddenly opened

outer door, passed over me. I looked up. In two chairs, by the couch, sat forms of ashen gray, perfectly outlined and visible. Their figures were of ancient men, revered and wise.

My patient said : " Doctor, these are my friends, still in the flesh, who have come to greet the real me, when my release shall be accomplished. Say ye not so, my comrades?" In answer, like the sonorous chimes of a far-off cathedral bell, came their words, floating out of the silence : " Yea, we are here, as thou hast requested, to tell you we desire and wait for your return, giving you both greeting and welcome. As we speak, so say all of our people."

" Farewell, Doctor." As my patient spoke, I saw that the supreme moment mortals call dissolution was upon him. Death was claiming its inheritance. The eyes closed; a sighing gasp succeeded.

The two visitors rising, stood expectantly, their garments flowing to their sandaled feet. They wait one, two minutes. I see distinctly in the clear light, a third figure formulated. It stands with them. Its

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presence seems a matter of congratulation to them all. A slight noise at the door, caused by the old colored servants' entrance, diverts my gaze for a single instant. I look back. I am alone.

I hold in my hands the key to his casket, the mirror and the manuscript.

The household are aroused. The usual preliminaries, and the Master's body is entombed with all due ceremony, respect and propriety.

His lawyers informed me that after providing liberally for his three servants, I was left the house and grounds, and the remainder of his possessions, on the single condition of living there one year.

What happened during that year, or at the end of it, is no part of this story. Sufficient to say I am an old man, and it is the most wonderful experience of a long life.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

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